BY THE MARGIN
OF FAIR
ZURICH'S WATERS.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters—
Ayieo !
Dwelt a youth whose fond heart, night and day,
For the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters—
Ayieo !
In a dream of love melted away.
When alone no one bolder than he,
But with her none more timid could be ;
Will you list to me, dearest, I pray ?—Ayieo,
When she did, this was all he could say :—
Ayieo ! ayieo ! alack, well-a-day,
Ayieo ! ayieo ! was all he could say.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters—
Ayieo !
At the close of a fine summer's day,
To the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters—
Ayieo !
This fond youth found at last tongue to say :
I'm in love, as you plainly may see,
Could I love any other but thee ;
Oh, say then, wilt thou be my bride ?
Ayieo !
Can you tell how this fair one replied ?
Ayieo ! ayieo ! I leave you to guess,
Ayieo ! ayieo ! of course she said, yes !

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